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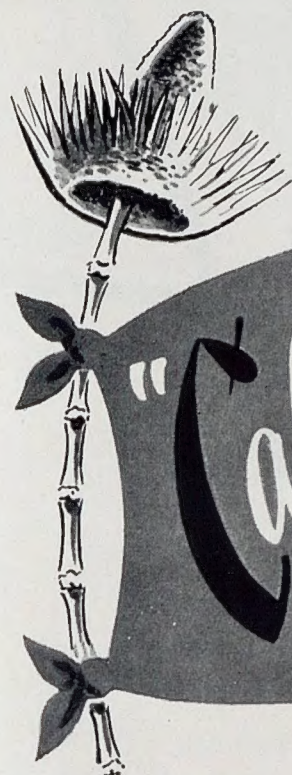
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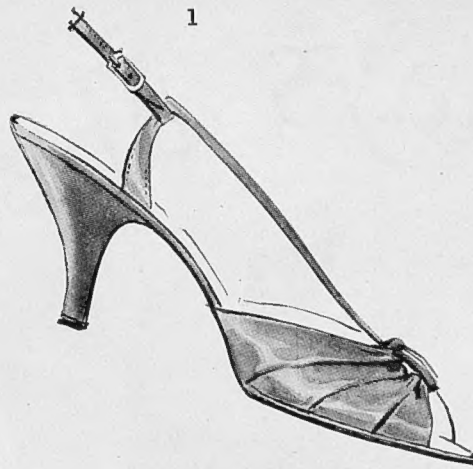
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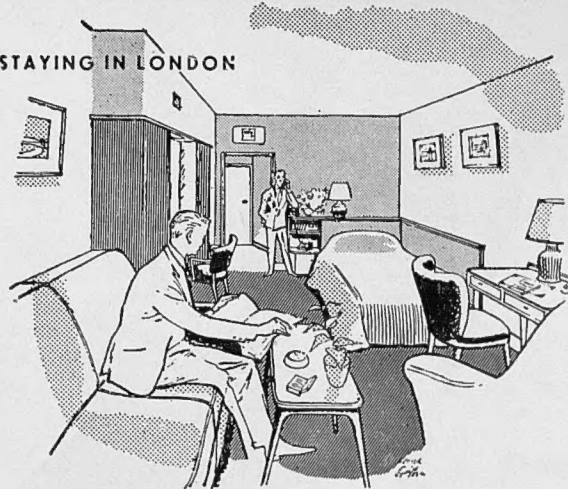
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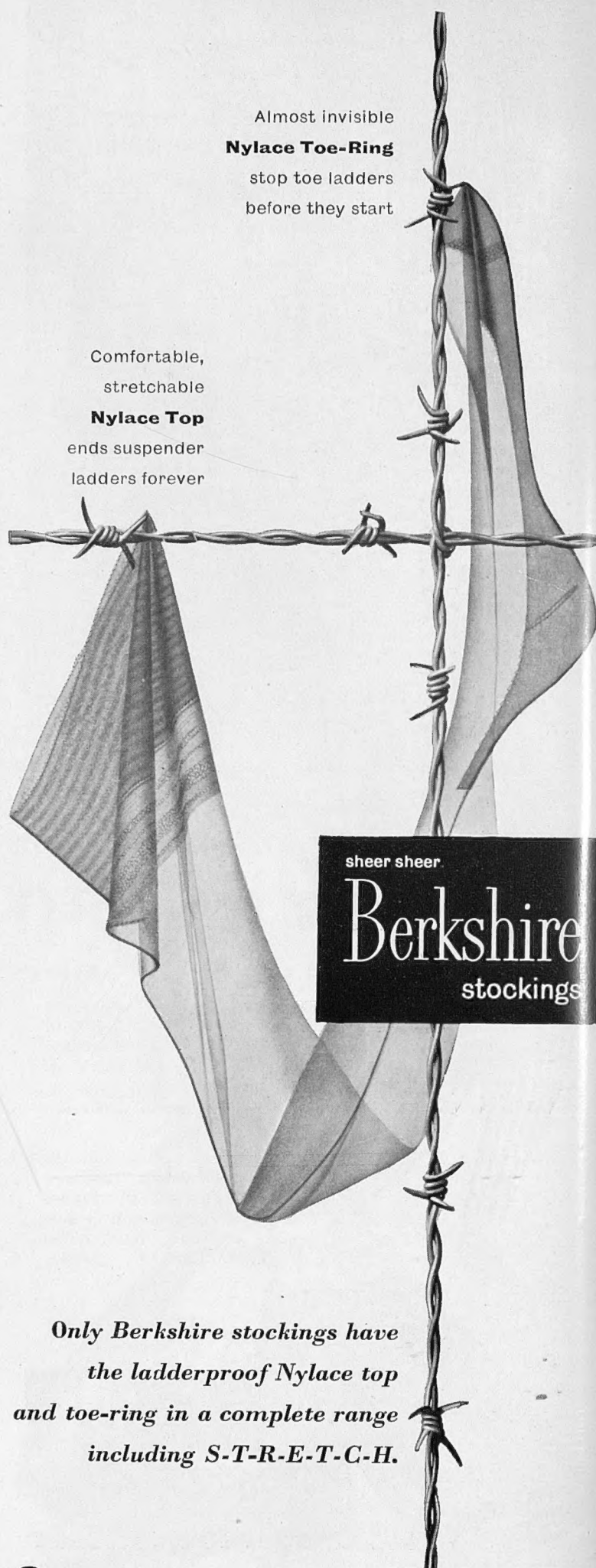
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THE HON. JOANNA CAVENDISH, one of the loveliest of this coming season's debutantes, is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Chesham, and is at present finishing her education in Paris. Her parents are giving a coming-out ball for her, which she is sharing with two cousins, on June 8th at her home Stonerwood Park, near Petersfield in Hampshire. The eldest of her family, she has two brothers the Hon. Nicholas and the Hon. John Cavendish, and a sister the Hon. Georgina. She is a keen swimmer and plays a very good game of tennis

Eric Coop

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From February 15th to February 22nd

Feb. 15 (Wed.) Racing at Sandown (two days)

First night of *Dr. Jo* at the Aldwych Theatre, with Sonia Dresdel, Hugh Williams and Barbara Couper

Feb. 16 (Thur.) Princess Margaret attends a concert at Grocer's Hall, to be given by Richard Wood and the Consort Singers, with the boys of St. Paul's Choir, in aid of the upkeep of the Choir School and the Cathedral

The Duke of Gloucester visits, as Colonel-in-Chief, the 2nd. Bn. The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers at Lichfield to welcome them home from Cyprus and attend a farewell parade

The Curzon Cup at St. Moritz

First night of *Summer Song*, a musical play, at the Princes Theatre

Feb. 17 (Fri.) The Queen and Prince Philip attend a luncheon at Guildhall on their return from Nigeria

The Highland Ball, under the auspices of the Highland Society of London, at Claridge's

Racing at Newbury and Newcastle (two days)

Concert: London Philharmonic Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall

Feb. 18 (Sat.) Prince Philip will attend the Southern Counties cross country championships in Windsor Great Park

Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers exhibition opens at the R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St.

Royal Society of British Artists exhibition opens at the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St.

Rugby Football: Navy v. R.A.F. at Twickenham
Racing at Stratford-on-Avon

Feb. 19 (Sun.)

Feb. 20 (Mon.) The Queen Mother attends a Mission to Seamen Centenary Service at Westminster Abbey

Racing at Birmingham

Feb. 21 (Tues.) First night of *Othello* at the Old Vic, with Richard Burton and John Neville

Feb. 22 (Wed.) The Opera Ball at the Dorchester Hotel

The British Industries Fair and the Toy Fair at Earls Court

First night of *The Buccaneer* by Sandy (*The Boy Friend*) Wilson, at the Apollo Theatre, transferred from the Lyric Theatre Hammersmith

Racing at Worcester (two days) and at Plumpton

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To have a ball on her birthday: Miss Anne Louise Stockdale

ONE of the most attractive debutantes who will be presented this year is the only daughter of Sir Edmund and the Hon. Lady Stockdale, of Hoddington House, Upton Grey, Hampshire. Her mother is giving a ball for her on May 30, when she

will be eighteen, at the Ironmonger's Hall, Aldersgate. She is a niece of the late Lord Hesketh, and first cousin of the present baron. This photograph was taken in the London home at Rutland Gate of her grandmother, the Dowager Lady Hesketh



Dorothy Wilding

QUEEN MOTHER'S GOD-DAUGHTER

THE Hon. Elizabeth Angela Veronica Rose Nall-Cain, only daughter of Lord and Lady Broucker, is a god-daughter of the Queen Mother. She will be eighteen on May 3rd, when she will have her coming-out ball at her parents' house, Broucker Hall, Welwyn, in Hertfordshire. She has two elder brothers, the Hon. Ronald Nall-Cain and the Hon. David Nall-Cain.

DEBUTANTE'S GUIDE TO THE SEASON

• Jennifer •

EXACTLY five weeks to-day, on 21st March, the Queen holds her first afternoon Presentation Party at Buckingham Palace, and another the day after. All parents I have spoken to are very grateful that Her Majesty has been able to arrange to hold the parties at the end of March, just ten days before Easter, instead of at the beginning of the month, an arrangement which has cut into the "finishing abroad" of so many girls in recent years. For some of the debutantes with their homes in Scotland, the Queen is holding a Presentation Party at the Palace of Holyroodhouse on 5th July.

The two Royal parties at Buckingham Palace are the start of several months of social activities. There are cocktail parties, fork luncheon parties, coming out dances to fill diaries as well as the hardy annuals such as Queen Charlotte's Ball, the Caledonian Ball, Royal Ascot, Henley Regatta, Wimbledon and the International Horse Show. All this before the dispersal for Cowes, the Dublin Horse Show, York Race Week, and then a little later the Scottish Games and social events.

Several mothers are this year very sensibly planning their daughters' coming out dances in the autumn. This has proved a tremendous success for hostesses in the past few years, for the young people all come back from the summer holiday delighted to see each other again, and no longer tired and jaded as the result of dancing night after night.

This week I am giving a list of the cocktail parties for debutantes, the coming out dances that have been arranged so far as I have heard, and other important dates that will be useful for a debutante's diary.

FIRST the cocktail parties, which start the week before the Presentation Parties. On Thursday, 15th March, Baroness Ravensdale is giving a cocktail party for her god-daughter Miss Jessica Harris, with Mrs. Derek Schreiber for her daughter Baroness Darcy de Knayth, at Lady Ravensdale's home, 9, The Vale. On Monday night, March 19th, Lady Elizabeth Oldfield gives one for her debutante daughter Miss Sarah Oldfield, in her charming mews home. On the 20th Lady Francis Hill and her son Mr. Robin Hill are giving a cocktail party for Lady Francis's second daughter Miss Caroline Hill, at the Hyde

Park Hotel. Lady Francis Hill and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Eyre, whose daughter Dorothy is coming out this year, are giving a dance together for their daughters in the autumn. Mrs. Forde is also giving a cocktail party on March 20th in London for her daughter Sylvia.

The following night Mr. Ralph Cobbold and Mrs. J. Vandeleur are giving a party for their twin daughters Miss Clare and Miss Anne Cobbold. This should be rather original, as it is to take place in the old cellars of the wine firm of which Mr. Cobbold is a partner.

ON March 22nd Lady Anne Elliot is giving one with dancing at the Hyde Park Hotel for her daughter Victoria. The same evening Mrs. John Courage and Mrs. Peter Kemp-Welch are joint hostesses in Hill Street for their daughters Miss Angela Courage and Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch. Mrs. Courage is giving a dance for her daughter in Yorkshire in August, and Mrs. Kemp-Welch one for Penelope next year to coincide with her son, John Kemp-Welch's, twenty-first birthday. On April 4th Mrs. Ellsworth-Jones is giving a cocktail party at Londonderry House for Miss Margaret Ellsworth-Jones:

she is giving a dance for her in the autumn. Mrs. Tom Adams is giving a party for her daughter Miss Gillian Adams at the Hyde Park Hotel on April 11th. On the 18th the Hon. Lady Lowson is entertaining at the Dorchester for her daughter Miss Gay Lowson. April 25th Mrs. Leslie Cohen's party for her step-daughter Miss Penelope Cohen at their home in Chelsea Square.

The first debutante cocktail party in May is on the 4th when Mrs. Roger Hall and Mrs. Leonard Tregoning are joint hostesses at 6 Belgrave Square for Miss Sally Hall and Miss Gaynor Tregoning. On the 9th Mrs. Geoffrey Lowndes gives one for her daughter Miss Jennifer Akers-Douglas at the Cavalry Club.

The dance list begins after Easter, and runs as follows:

APRIL

April 7th. Lady Roborough for Hon. Myra Lopes at Maristow, S. Devon. Also, Mrs. Christopher Firbank for the coming of age of her son Mr. Giles Firbank at Hoplands, King's Somborne, Hampshire.

April 13th. Lady Lilian Austin. Small dance for Miss Susan-Primrose Austin in the country. Also Mrs. J. B. Herapath, Mrs. C. P. Hill and Mrs. P. Hodgson for their daughters Miss Jill Herapath, Miss Jacomin Hill and Miss Susan Hodgson.

April 20th. Lady Glentoran for Hon. Clare Dixon and coming of age of their elder son the Hon. Thomas Dixon at Drumadarragh House, Doagh, Co. Antrim. The Hon. Mrs. Philip Kindersley a small dance for Miss Nicolette Kindersley in the country. Also Lady Peppiatt and Mrs. Tim Shepherd Smith small dance for Miss Shirley Peppiatt and Miss Anne Shepherd-Smith at the Lansdowne Club.

April 27th. The Hon. Mrs. John Bruce small dance for Miss Celia Bruce in the country. Mrs. Hodgkinson for Miss Sheila Hodgkinson at Wookey Hole, Somerset. Lady Bacon for Miss Joanna Bacon at Raveningham Hall, Norfolk.

April 28th. Mrs. Bromley-Davenport for Miss Lenette Bromley-Davenport at Capesthorpe Hall, Cheshire.

MAY

May 3rd. Lady Brocket for her daughter the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain on her 18th birthday, at Brocket Hall, Hertfordshire.

May 4th. Mrs. Christopher Blunt, Mrs. Geoffrey Hunt and Mrs. John Waterfield for their daughters Miss Judith Blunt, Miss Rosemary Hunt and Miss Hermione Waterfield at 6, Stanhope Gate.

May 7th. Mrs. William Heathcoat-Amory and Mrs. Thomas Powell for their daughters Miss Diana Heathcoat-Amory and Miss Mary Theresa Powell at 6, Stanhope Gate.

May 8th. The Queen Charlotte's Ball with Her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland as guest of honour, at Grosvenor House.

May 10th. Mrs. Frederick Roberts and Mrs. Peter Martineau for Miss Felicity Roberts and Miss Angela Martineau at Grocers Hall, E.C.2.

May 14th. The Royal Caledonian Ball at Grosvenor House.

May 15th. The Hon. Mrs. Batt for Miss Sarah Batt in London.

May 16th. Mrs. Arpad Plesch for her daughter Countess Bunny Esterhazy and Miss Florence Harcourt-Smith at Claridge's.

May 17th. The Hon. Mrs. Phillimore, Mrs. T. A. Renshaw and Mrs. Le Hunte Anderson for their daughters the Hon. Frances Phillimore, Miss Victoria Messel and Miss Juliet Anderson, in London.

May 18th. The Countess of Portsmouth for her daughters Lady Philippa and Lady Jane Wallop at Uckfield House, Sussex.

May 22nd. Mrs. Gray Horton for her step-daughter Miss Carlotta Horton at the Ironmongers' Hall.

May 23rd. Mrs. Charles Drage, small dance for Miss Madeleine Drage at 38 Sheffield Terrace, W.8. Also Mrs. Wigram and Mrs. Buchel for their daughters Miss Denia Wigram and Miss June Ducas at Claridges.

May 24th. Countess Anthony de Salis for her daughter Miss Margaret de Salis at 6, Stanhope Gate.

May 25th. Mrs. Ashton Roskill for Miss Susannah Roskill in London.

May 28th. The Hon. Mrs. David Brand, the Hon. Mrs. D'Arcy Lambton and Mrs. Hugh Ryder for their daughters, Miss Jean Brand, Miss Lorna Lambton, and Miss Joanna Peto, at the Hyde Park Hotel.

May 29th. The Hon. Lady Lowson for Miss Gay Lowson at Claridge's.

May 30th. The Hon. Lady Stockdale for Miss Anne Louise Stockdale at Ironmongers' Hall.

JUNE

June 1st. Lady Prudence Loudon small dance for Miss Katherine Loudon at Olantigh, Wye. Also Mrs. Warde and Mrs. Villiers-Smith, a small dance for Miss Susan Warde and Miss Clarissa Villiers-Smith at Squerrys Court, Westerham. Hon. Lady Rose Baring for her daughter Margaret at 42 Lowndes Street

June 5th. Mrs. John Hopkinson and Mrs. Francis Hopkinson for Miss Marika Hopkinson and Miss Teresa Hopkinson at the Merchant Taylors' Hall. Also Mrs. John Pascoe for Miss Belinda Pascoe at 6 Belgrave Square.

June 6th. Mrs. Victor Seely for Miss Alexandra Seely at Queen's House, Cheyne Walk.

June 7th. Lady Remnant and Mrs. William Dowding for the Hon. Susan Remnant and Miss Caroline Dowding at Claridge's.

June 8th. Lady Chesham for her daughter the Hon. Joanna Cavendish and her nieces Miss Diana Wagner and Miss Jill Barbezat at Stonerwood Park, Petersfield, Hampshire. Also Mrs. David Stuart for Miss Serena Gillilan at Godniton, Ashford, Kent.

June 12th. Lady Sheila Durlacher and Mrs. Hubert Raphael for their daughters Miss Elizabeth Durlacher and Miss Wendy Raphael at the Dorchester Hotel.

June 13th. Lady Denning small dance for Miss Diana Denning at the Hyde Park Hotel. Mrs. Davies-Scourfield and Mrs. Guy Stanton for their daughters Miss Precelly Davies-Scourfield and Miss Serena Fass, at the Guards Boat Club.

June 14th. The Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Shuckburgh and Mrs. Peter Cameron for their daughters Miss Catherine Shuckburgh and Miss Annabel Asquith at 71 Kew Green. Also Mrs. Raymond Tuckey for her daughter Miss Caroline Godfrey at Hurlingham Club.

June 15th. Viscountess Gage for the Hon. Camilla Gage at Firl Place, Sussex.

June 16th. Mme. Louis Franck for Mlle. Martine Franck at Buck's Club. Mrs. Young for Miss Marian Young at Thornton Hall, Bletchley, and Mrs. Christopher Dalgety and Capt. J. A. F. Dalgety for Miss Caroline Dalgety and Mr. Alexander Dalgety at Lockerly Hall, Hants.

June 20th. Guards Boat Club Ball at Maidenhead.

June 22nd. Mrs. Geoffrey Eley and Mrs. Douglas MacLeod for Miss Ianthe Eley and Miss Alexandra MacLeod in London. The Hon. Mrs. Frederick Hennessy and Mrs. Jonathan Blundell for their daughters Miss Susan Jane Hennessy and Miss Georgina Blundell, at Harwood Lodge, near Newbury.

June 23rd. Mrs. John Ferguson for Miss Jane Ferguson at Busbridge Wood, Godalming, Surrey. Also Mrs. Anthony Harford, small dance for Miss Caroline and Miss Henrietta Harford at Ashmead House, Cam, Gloucestershire.

June 25th. Viscountess Kemsley and the Hon. Mrs. Denis Berry for Miss Susan Berry at Chandos House. Mrs. Nicholas Kaye, a small dance for her daughter Miss Tessa Kaye at the Garden House, Vale of Health, N.W.3.

(Continued overleaf)



Armstrong Jones

MISS CHRISTINE FAIRFAX-ROSS is the seventeen-year-old daughter of Brigadier T. Fairfax-Ross, M.C., T.D., and Mrs. Fairfax-Ross. Her parents are giving a dance for her on July 18th at the Anglo-Belgian Club



MISS CLARE AND MISS ANNE COBBOLD, twin daughters of Mr. R. Cobbold, and of Mrs. Vandeleur will make their curtsy at a Presentation Party, and are being given a cocktail party on March 21st



Yevonde

MISS ELIZABETH THIERRY-MIEG is the daughter of Mrs. Donald Fraser and the stepdaughter of Mr. Donald Fraser. She is being presented by her mother in March, and is at present studying languages at the French Institute

June 26th. Lady Hylton for her daughter the Hon. Alice Jolliffe at 5 St. James's Square. Lady Dorothea Head for Miss Tessa Head in London.

June 27th. The Hon. Mrs. Legh for her daughter the Hon. Katherine Palmer at the Hyde Park Hotel.

June 28th. Lady Butler for her daughter Miss Caroline Butler and her god-daughter Miss Caroline Johnstone at 6 Belgrave Square. Mrs. Harold Samuel for her daughter Miss Jacqueline Samuel at the Hyde Park Hotel. Also Mrs. Malcolmson for her daughter Miss Merryn Malcolmson.

June 29th. The Marchioness of Abergavenny for Lady Anne Nevill at Eridge Castle. Mrs. A. L. Goodheart and Mrs. G. F. A. Burgess for Miss Joanna Burgess in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn, and Mrs. Paul de Laszlo's small dance for Miss Anne de Laszlo at Orchards, Munstead, Godalming.

June 30th. The Hon. Mrs. Guy Baring for her granddaughter Miss Patricia Baring at Abbots-worthy House, Winchester. Mrs. Richard Cannon for Miss Victoria Cannon at Coombe Place, Lewes. Also Mrs. F. Elliot Allday for Miss Jane Allday at Old Manor House, Halford, Shipston-on-Stour.

JULY

July 2nd. The Hon. Mrs. Hely-Hutchinson and Mrs. Hill-Wood for their daughters Miss Jean Hely-Hutchinson and Miss Bridget Mellor at 40 Belgrave Square. Mrs. Harold Johnson for Miss Ann Johnson at the Hyde Park Hotel.

July 3rd. The Hon. Mrs. Denys Buckley for Miss Catherine Buckley at 40 Brunswick Square. Mrs. Arthur Jarrett and Mrs. Lionel Butler Henderson for their daughters Miss Susan and Miss Josephine Jarrett and Miss Jane Butler Henderson. Also Mrs. C. M. Andreae and Mrs. Michael O'Dwyer small dance for Miss Gillian Andreae and Miss Susan O'Dwyer at Wentworth Club, Virginia Water.



LADY MARY MAITLAND is the eldest daughter of the late Viscount Maitland, who was killed in action in 1943, and of Viscountess Maitland. She is a granddaughter of the fifteenth Earl of Lauderdale

Lenare



MISS SALLY HAMBRO, who shares a dance with Miss Joanna Talbot, at 6 Belgrave Square, on July 4, is the daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Hambro



MISS ALEXANDRA SEELY is to have a dance given for her at Queen's House, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, on June 6. She is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Victor Seely

Lenare



MISS CECILIA WEIKERSHEIM, who is making her debut, is the daughter of Prince and Princess Franz Weikersheim of Langton House, Tunbridge Wells. She is eighteen

Eric Orl

- July 4th.** Lady Hambro and the Hon. Mrs. T. G. Talbot for Miss Sally Hambro and Miss Joanna Talbot at 6 Belgrave Square.
- July 5th.** The Countess of Antrim, Lady Rose Baring and Mrs. Evelyn Waugh for their daughters Lady Christina McDonnell, Miss Susan Baring and Miss Teresa Waugh in London.
- July 6th.** Elizabeth Lady Musker, and Mrs. Harold Huth for Miss Penelope Musker and Miss Angela Huth at Shoppenhangers Manor, Maidenhead, Berkshire. Mrs. William Lindsay for Miss Jennifer Lindsay at Wickham Farm, Haywards Heath, Sussex.
- July 7th.** Mrs. Gerald Constable-Maxwell for Miss Carolyn Constable-Maxwell at Alresford House, Hampshire. Mrs. J. H. Dent-Brocklehurst, for Miss Catharine Dent-Brocklehurst, at Sudeley Castle, Gloucestershire.
- July 9th.** Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger for Miss Penelope d'Erlanger, in London.
- July 10th.** Mrs. Francis Winham for her daughters Miss Francine and Miss Josephine Winham at 48 Green Street.
- July 11th.** Her Grace the Duchess of Norfolk for Lady Anne FitzAlan Howard, at St. James's Palace (by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen).
- July 12th.** The British Olympic Ball at Grosvenor House.
- July 13th.** The Eton Beagles Ball at the Dorchester. The Eton and Harrow Ball at Hurlingham Club.
- July 16th.** The Countess of Feversham for Lady Clarissa Duncombe at Syon House.
- July 17th.** The Hon. Mrs. Fane and Mrs. Robert Rivers-Bulkeley for Miss Carol Fane and Miss Miranda Rivers-Bulkeley at the Hyde Park Hotel.
- July 18th.** Mrs. Fairfax-Ross for Miss Christine Fairfax-Ross, in London.
- July 19th.** Mrs. Rupert Carey, Mrs. Christopher Battiscombe and Mrs. J. M. Fehr for Miss Jennifer Carey, Miss Aurea Battiscombe and Miss Ann Fehr at the Guards Boat Club, Maidenhead.
- July 20th.** Lady Cynthia Asquith for her granddaughter Miss Annabel Asquith at Stanway House, Gloucestershire. The Hon. Mrs. Sherman Stonor for Miss Julia Stonor at Stonor Park, Henley-on-Thames. Also Mrs. Michael Trethowan for Miss Clarinda Trethowan in Hampshire.
- July 21st.** Lady Raglan for the Hon. Cecily Somerset at Cefnilla Court, Usk, Monmouthshire. Mrs. Ludovic Foster for her daughters Miss Elizabeth and Miss Katherine Foster at Greatham Manor, Pulborough. Mrs. John Pryor and Miss Milne Home for Miss Alice and Miss Philippa Pryor at Weston Park, Hitchin.
- July 27th.** Mrs. Richard Bott for Miss Jennifer Bott at Benington Lordship, Hertfordshire. Mrs. Powell Edwards, small dance for her stepdaughters Miss Antonia and Miss Virginia Powell Edwards at Novington Manor, Plumpton, Sussex. Mrs. Mould Graham for Miss Joanna Mould Graham at Fawdon House, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
- July 28th.** Viscountess Leverhulme for the Hon. Susan Lever at Thornton Manor, Cheshire. Lady Lethbridge and Mrs. Sydney De Salis for their daughters Miss Lucy Bailey and Miss Lucinda De Salis at Burton Pynsent, Somerset, (kindly lent by the Hon. John and Mrs. Warrender).

AUGUST

- August 3rd.** Mrs. Barstow for Miss Phyllida Barstow at Chapel House, Breconshire.
- August 11th.** The Countess of Tankerville and Mrs. Home Robertson of Wedderburn for Lady Corisande Bennet and Miss Eliza Home Robertson at Paxton House, Berwickshire.
- August 18th.** Mrs. Garnham for her daughter Miss Bridget O'Halloran at Bembridge.

(Continued overleaf)



Betty Swache

MISS LESLEY STEPHENSON is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Stephenson, the racehorse owners, of The Old Vicarage, Shiplake-on-Thames, Oxfordshire, where her parents will be holding a dance for her on July 27th this year. Miss Stephenson, who will be presented at one of the Presentation Parties in March, is an expert linguist, speaking French and German, and is now making good progress in Spanish. She is very musical and studies both singing and the piano

OCTOBER

October 4th. The Hon. Mrs. Claude Knight and Mrs. Buxton for Miss Patricia Knight and Miss Lavinia Buxton in London.

October 5th. Mrs. Eric Dugdale for Miss Caroline Dugdale in London.

October 19th. Mrs. Ellsworth-Jones for Miss Margaret Ellsworth-Jones in Sussex.

The Countess of Shrewsbury is also giving a dance in the autumn for Lady Charlotte Chetwynd-Talbot and her niece Miss Sadie Heber Percy at Ingestre Hall, Shropshire. This was to have taken place on June 8th but had to be postponed owing to the serious illness of the Earl of Shrewsbury, who contracted poliomyelitis this winter.

BESIDES the girls I have already mentioned, others I have heard of who are making their debut this year include Princess Weikersheim's daughter Miss Cecilia Weikersheim, Mrs. Stephen Cannon's daughter Miss Sally Cannon, the Hon. Mrs. Ekyn's step-daughter Miss Susie Ekyn, Mrs. Evan Gibbs's daughter Miss Evadne Gibbs, Lady Windlesham's youngest daughter the Hon. Annabel Hennessy, Lady "Donald" Anderson's second daughter Miss Jennifer Anderson, and Mrs. Cyril Kleinwort's second daughter Miss Charlotte Kleinwort who are sharing a coming out dance in the autumn.

Also Lady Reay's daughter the Hon. Elizabeth Mackay, Viscountess Maitland's daughter Lady Mary Maitland, Mrs. Donald Fraser's daughter Miss Elisabeth Thierry-Mieg, the Marquise de Miramon's very pretty daughter Miss Elaine de Miramon, Lady Mount's youngest daughter Miss Clare Mount, the Hon. Mrs. Phillimore's daughter Miss Frances Phillimore, Mrs. Rolf Thoresen's daughter Miss Elizabeth Thoresen, Mrs. Green's daughter Miss Virginia Todd, and Lady Irwin's second daughter the Hon. Susan Wood.

THE other important dates for a debutante's diary of the season, which opens traditionally on May 4th with the Private View of the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts at Burlington House, are:—

April 30th and May 1st. The Debutante Dress Show at the Berkeley Hotel, With Countess Cadogan as chairman.

May 10th-12th. Royal Windsor Horse Show.

May 22nd-25th. The Chelsea Flower Show.

May 31st. Trooping the Colour.

June 6th. The Derby at Epsom.

June 6th-23rd. Royal Tournament at Earls Court.

June 8th. The Oaks at Epsom.

June 14th-16th. Royal Richmond Horse Show.

June 19th-22nd. Royal Ascot Race Week.

June 25th-July 7th. All England Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon.

July 4th-7th. Henley Royal Regatta, Henley-on-Thames.

July 13th-14th. Eton and Harrow cricket match at Lord's.

July 23rd-28th. The International Horse Show at the White City.

July 31st-August 3rd. Goodwood Race Week.

August 4th-11th. Cowes Regatta, Isle of Wight.

August 7th-11th. Dublin Horse Show.

August 21st-23rd. York Race Week.

September 5th. Aboyne Games.

September 6th. Royal Braemar Gathering.

September 11th-14th. Doncaster St. Leger Meeting.



Betty Swaabe

MISS JUNE DUCAS is the daughter of Mr. Robert Ducas and of Mrs. Brian Buchel, of Lowndes St., S.W.1. She is to be presented by her mother in March

MISS WENDY RAPHAEL is sharing a dance at the Dorchester on June 12th
Dorothy Wilding



MISS JENNIFER AKERS-DOUGLAS has a Cavalry Club cocktail party on May 9



Yevonde
MISS PENELOPE BERKELEY will also have a cocktail party given for her



Yevonde
MISS MARIKA HOPKINSON who is sharing a dance with her cousin on June 5



Michael Dunne

A DEBUTANTE FROM NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

MISS Belinda Pascoe, whose parents are giving a dance for her on June 5th at 6 Belgrave Square, S.W.1., is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Pascoe of Broomhill, Spratton, Northamptonshire, and Eaton Square, S.W.1. Her father is chairman and managing director of British Timken and chairman of Aberdare Cables



"... and it goes on to say that 'measures are under consideration to stop the growing nuisance of Peeping Toms, although it is felt that, by and large, they are a harmless group of . . .'"

Roundabout

Paul Holt

THE spring fashions now being shown by the great Paris couturiers seem to have abandoned such extravagances as the A line and the H line, both of which to me were quite extraordinarily ugly, in favour of the Arrow line.

This features a high bust with the waistline coming just below it, in the directoire fashion. Whether this is going to be more attractive depends entirely upon the liking of women for the idea, for women only look charming when they are pleased with their clothes.

I asked three women what they thought of the idea and they expressed approval in three different ways. One said she thought it took the eye away from her hips, which I thought to be a thoroughly down to earth remark. The second said she thought it would be good for her shoulders, which I thoroughly admire.

The third said that the straight, narrow skirt which goes with the style, was far preferable to the billowing kind of under-pinned design she has had to wear. On this subject I had no comment.

None of the three seemed to realise that the new style now being publicised has a political significance.

Mr. James Laver, who knows far more about these matters than I do, would tell you bluntly that in times of crisis it is inevitable that the waistline rises high towards the bust.

In truth the waist disappears to outward view. Why this should be I do not know, but it always happens. And there can be small doubt in your mind that France is going through a major crisis politically just now.

I am glad, however, that women are pleased about the new fashion. It's an ill wind . . .

★ ★ ★

DURING the recent visit of the Queen and Prince Philip to Nigeria it was reported that the Oba of Lagos sent for a rainmaker and instructed him that there was positively to be no rain on the

Saturday the Royal party arrived. Nor was there any.

But at the military ceremony on the following Monday it rained, and the Queen had to inspect her loyal troops walking under an umbrella. This did not concern the Oba at all. As he explained, the rainmakers' powers did not apply to the military ceremony, because he thought a shower of rain might please the Queen after the heat.

IN the Queen's absence has occurred the anniversary of her accession to the Throne. How well I remember that day.

I was in a cinema and the film was stopped while the manager, who was shaking from the impact of the news, came to announce the sad occasion. We all felt profoundly sad, for George VI was one of the best loved of all British kings, and we left the entertainment to go to the nearest pub to drink a valedictory toast. I know that sounds absurd, to drink the health of a dead man, but it had to be done. One friend of mine, an Irishman,

wore a black tie for a month afterwards. But he always wore it with a blue shirt—"in case," he told me in a confiding moment, "anybody should think I had anything to do with the Court . . ."

★ ★ ★

A MAN I know has a wife, of whom he is very fond, who talks too much.

He had the brilliant idea of buying her a tape recorder, so she could talk to herself as much as she liked. But the idea has turned out to be a boomerang. For she talks just as much as ever she did.

And in addition to listening to her he now finds he has to listen to her talking to herself, for she never ceases to play back to him in the evening what she has been saying during the day while he has been away in the City.

Poor man. Cleverness, he has discovered, is no virtue.

★ ★ ★

MISS MYRTLE SMALL, aged four, of Kingston, Jamaica, has grown a tooth made of pure gold. She has been tested by metallurgists and X-rayed and there is no doubt about it, though she is being kept in hospital for further observation.

When asked what had happened she said, with the simplicity of Topsy "I guess it just grew."

This, of course, could be a great modern fairy story. I can see the good witch at her cradle at the christening, intoning in the pompous way good witches have. But there is more to it than that.

Myrtle is four. How many more gold teeth will she grow? And how handsome a husband will she win from her unusual gift?

★ ★ ★

BRADFORD Grammar School throws itself into an argument by announcing that boys may in future be awarded scholarships not on their scholarship merits but by their qualities of leadership and initiative.

If this theory becomes practice, algebra won't matter so much any more.

Now, is this a good thing? A boy's knowledge should be judged by his ability to learn. But the ability to lead often goes with a complete inability to learn in an academic way.

The trouble here, I think, is to test the judgment of the headmaster, who takes on himself the responsibility of guiding the boy in his care. This can be dangerous, for he has many boys in his care and cannot consider them all. Also it takes away, once more, the rights of the parent to decide.

THE EDITOR REGRETS that owing to printing difficulties over which he has no control this issue of The TATLER may arrive late in certain areas and the number of pages may have to be curtailed.

He asks respectfully for the tolerance of his readers and begs to assure them that he and his staff are doing all possible to keep faith.



Alan Williams

MISS MARGUERITE VACANI is a name synonymous with ballroom dancing and deportment. As the new debutante season approaches, it naturally recalls to mind that it is she to whom so many debutantes will owe the grace and dignity of their curtseys to the Queen when they are presented at Buckingham Palace. From all over the world they have come to this famous and autocratic perfectionist in order to learn the attractive woman's most valuable asset—poise. In Miss Vacani's full life she has raised £16,658 for hospitals by her matinees between the years 1922-38, and has spent much time teaching the blind. During the war while carrying on her school she was also Central Organizer for the W.V.S. in the Borough of Windsor. She is the wife of Lt.-Col. F. L. Rankin, has two sons and four grandchildren. Her recreation is bridge, at which she is an expert

At the Theatre

AN AIR OF APOLOGY

Anthony Cookman

Illustration by Emmwood

THE new Laurier Lister revue at the Comedy, *Fresh Airs*, is charmingly successful; yet, strange to say, it seems to arrive at success along a knife-edge of anxiety lest its fate should be to fail.

"The Management Regrets—" sings Mr. Max Adrian by way of introduction, that though it had been hoped to produce an unconventional revue the hope was soon seen to be vain. At this time of day every revue is bound to be like every other revue. Some knowledgeable chaps in the business believe that revue, as an art form, long ago reached the point of exhaustion, and however hard all concerned may work it is all too easy for the critics to report that the interval, on the whole, turned out to be the evening's best thing. The management regrets, therefore, that the audience will have to make do with a strictly conventional revue treating the same old topics in the same old way.

AND all through the evening Mr. Adrian or Miss Moyra Fraser is constantly making brief appearances with spoof promises. "We thought it would be amusing," enticingly she explains, "to show you how Mr. T. S. Eliot and Sir Alan Herbert might collaborate in an adaptation of *East Lynne*. We rehearsed the sketch; it was *not* amusing; and we shall not show it." This technique of apology works curiously well. It gives the impression that we really are being spared a lot of long boring horrors; it sets up a helpless warming of the heart to the intelligent people who have so justly estimated our own intelligence; it produces, in short, the right atmosphere for intimate revue. And if it occurs to us once or twice during the evening that many of the topics treated are in truth conventional, we blandly overlook what we are sure cannot be helped.

In at least two respects this revue transcends convention. It is always swiftly gay; the *décor* by Mr. William Burgess always delights the eye. Moreover, it has in Mr. Adrian and Miss Fraser comedians who can enliven conventional material with the fresh air of their own personalities. He is at his best as the lady who takes an odious personal satisfaction in running a Chelsea coffee bar. Customers must take a grim pride in being served by her. She sees through them; yet she still serves them; and such condescension is rather flattering.

But Mr. Adrian is always at his best when there is a faintly horrid overtone to his comedy. As a man who would like to be dead he is able to impart a ghoulish gusto to the death wish; as a lover warning his mistress that he will assuredly not love her in December as he loves her in May he suggests an almost glad acceptance of the frailty of human passion; and when he parodies the sentiment of "dear old London" by cracking down hard on the inconveniences of living in the filthy place there is a suggestion of real anger in his discovery that he, too, is one of those purblind mutts who wouldn't dream of living anywhere else. But he can also be supremely tactful when he represents a Germany stolidly and ungratefully stepping her way back to full rearmament or as a sardonic railway porter making ready to welcome Russian visitors.

MISS FRASER is less well served by her lyric writers than she was in *Airs On A Shoestring*. She has nothing so good as the "dippy" lady who takes a wild plunge into pre-natal history to explain why she is not as other ladies are, but as the Bacchante who, slipping off her pedestal, drinks deeply, dances wildly and has the utmost difficulty in resuming her graceful pose on the pedestal she is great fun. She is amusing as a tall, single sunflower maliciously revealing the unseemly secrets of lesser flowers and as a modern witch who has taken up the career of a music hall illusionist. Miss Rose Hill makes some effective interventions, especially as the prima donna enchanted with the discovery that her high notes shatter mirrors and shiver glasses. Such sentiment as there is Miss Patricia Lancaster, Mr. Bernard Hunter and Mr. Julian Orchard handle delicately.



"FRESH AIRS" (Comedy Theatre) Moyra Fraser puts some unconventional twists into the famous *Ode to a Grecian Urn*, while Max Adrian is lethally amusing in a host of disguises, ably supported by Bernard Hunter and Julian Orchard



Baron

SALLY ANN HOWES, talented young star of *Bet Your Life!* and *Paint Your Wagon*, is to play the romantic lead opposite David Hughes in her third big musical, *Summer Song*, due to open at the Prince's Theatre on February 16th. She takes the part of a teenager Czech in an American Middle West colony whose troubles are smoothed out by a visit from the composer Dvorak, played by Laurence Naismith. The story, by Eric Maschwitz and Hy Kraft, is based on the actual experiences and personality of the famous symphonist

Television

JOY IN THE MIDLANDS

ON Friday, February 17th, the opening of I.T.A.'s Midland transmitter will bring another belt of the country into the network of commercial TV. Most of the programmes promised are those already made familiar—and contemptible or popular according to taste—to Southern viewers, though not necessarily shown to the Midlands at the same time. "I Love Lucy," for instance, goes to the Midlands on Wednesdays, "Gun Law" on Mondays, "Robin Hood" and "My Hero" on Tuesdays, *The Scarlet Pimpernel* and "Escape Club" on Fridays.

In addition, a brand-new serialisation of *The Count of Monte Cristo* starts on Mondays, and R. F. Delderfield has written a daily family serial with Gordon Harker as Grandpa Armstrong, commercial's answer to *Gran Groves*. Thursday evenings face perhaps the richest mixture of all with *Superman*, neo-primitive film serial from small cinemas, followed by commercial TV's own sequined super-boy *Liberace*.

So the Midlands will not be stinted of the serial fare on which commercial TV exists. Two other novelties, "Meet the Professor" and "Science Fiction Theatre," emphasise science fiction in place of the fascinating facts of "The Scientist Replies," now shed as too serious.

The whole web is woven too finely to unravel, with London viewers getting some of the programmes from Associated-Rediffusion.

Meanwhile, some of us may be more thankful than we ever dreamed for the austerity of the Senior Service. B.B.C. television has reached the maturity of commissioning a new opera in Arthur Benjamin's *Manana* and producing it nearly successfully. On Sunday it invites us to a birthday celebration for Covent Garden with Dame Margot Fonteyn dancing.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



The Gramophone

JAZZ IN THE HIGH STYLE

A MOST intriguing record has been made by Oscar Peterson, who needs no introduction from me to those who enjoy, or have pretensions towards enjoying, jazz. Peterson is a pianist of drive, emotion and finesse, and, above all, he has an innate regard for the melodic line.

His improvisations are imaginative and apt, and there is nothing contrived or phoney about the way he interprets a tune. On this particular recording he presents twelve of the better-known tunes by Cole Porter. In support are bass player Ray Brown and guitarist Barney Kessel; together they make a formidable trio.

THE whole approach to this recording shows Peterson at his skilful best. He treats "Night and Day" as it should be treated, with just the right amount of agile urgency. He makes of "Love For Sale" something that almost justifies the British Broadcasting Corporation's banning of it; his version of "Let's Do It" is not just another throw-away of a song that is ageless. It is presented in as stylish a manner as it was when the late Sir Charles B. Cochran first introduced it to the great British public. And in "Anything Goes," Oscar Peterson shows that where there is talent, anything does, in fact, go!

To each and every one, then, of these Cole Porter tunes Peterson has given a sophistication that compels more than casual listening. Whether you like jazz or not, this recording is one which should be heard without any trace of bias. For myself I make no bones about it, this is my kind of music, as indeed it has been for more than twenty-five years, and in making that statement I know I am by no means the cat walking by itself! (Columbia 33CX. 10016.)

—Robert Tredinnick



RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH, Admiral Sir Guy Grantham, Capt. J. Longden of H.M.S. Birmingham, and John Mills having drinks on board during the filming of *The Baby and the Battleship*



LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT: Kim Novak as Madge and William Holden as Hal in a dramatic moment from *Picnic*. The story deals with twenty-four hours of drama and comedy in a small town



COURAGE IS THE KEYNOTE of the life of G/Capt. Douglas Bader, the legless air ace. Kenneth More plays Bader in *Reach for the Sky*, filmed from G/Capt. Bader's biography

At the Pictures

Elsbeth Grant

ALL-AMERICAN GENGHIZ

MR. JOHN WAYNE is supposed to be Genghiz Khan in *The Conqueror* and "this is his first historical characterisation" say the publicity gentlemen. It's not, you know. This is just Mr. Wayne being Mr. Wayne once again—good old inexpressive, flat-voiced, indestructible Mr. Wayne, the same to-day as he's been these last seventeen years. You may prefer him to look exactly like himself all the time: I could have done with an occasional flash of fiery temperament which would have made it clear that Genghiz Khan was no laconic cow-hand from the Rio Grande but a bloodthirsty Mongol warrior of the twelfth century.

GENGHIZ KHAN, as I recall, rampaged around Asia, closely followed by his ravening Golden Horde, and with the help of his brother, Habto Hazar (who was "so broad in the shoulder and so narrow in the waist that a dog could creep under him when he slept on his side"), succeeded in uniting a myriad of nomad tribes under his yak-tail-hung banners.

Mr. Wayne is preoccupied with the pursuit of Miss Susan Hayward, a Tartar chieftain's daughter who is "discovered" crossing the Gobi Desert in a litter, a chiffon negligée and a very bad temper. Describing her as "a woman—much woman" and assuring her that she looks beyoodiful in her wrath, Mr. Wayne kidnaps her. This sparks off a long series of battles, in the course of which the Golden Horde is scattered by the Tartars and Mr. Wayne is captured and hauled before Miss Hayward's irate father (Mr. Ted de Corsia).

"I GRIEVE that I cannot salute you as you deserve: I am bereft of spit," says Mr. Wayne—at which rudeness Mr. de Corsia flies into a fine old Tartar paddy and condemns him to death. Miss Hayward, who has been hating Mr. Wayne like anything, suddenly realizes that she loves him and connives at his escape—but without the assistance of his resourceful blood-brother, Jamuga (Senor Pedro Armendariz), Mr. Wayne would never have survived to make her his bride.

The only notable acting in the picture comes from Senor Armendariz, who does what no sane blood-brother of the Mongol menace would ever have dared: he steals all Genghiz Khan's thunder.

Mr. Dick Powell has directed the battle sequences with a passionate enthusiasm that comes as a surprise from a one-time crooner. They are immensely spectacular and horridly realistic: horses and riders bite the dust in their thousands. I felt particularly sorry for the horses.

In *Cinerama Holiday* a young Swiss couple explore America and a young American couple visit Switzerland and Paris, France. You go with them—and the voice of

Cinerama tells you, in a loud bawl, how lucky you are. That's a matter of opinion. The four young people are as wholesome and uninteresting as a breakfast cereal—and I like to choose my own travelling companions.

The vast, triple screen is still marred by a curious jiggling where the three separate images caught by the triple-lensed camera are joined, but the photography is undeniably magnificent and the effect of *depth* quite extraordinary.

THERE are beautiful shots of an ice ballet at St. Moritz, a scarifying bob-sleigh run in which you participate, High Mass at Notre Dame, the Left Bank *vie de Bohème*, and a Paris night-club floor show—minus nudes. Equally impressive on the far side of the Atlantic are glimpses of the grim-faced gamblers at Las Vegas, peaceful Apaches in Arizona, a country fair among the flaming autumn trees of New Hampshire, a Negro funeral and a jazz session in New Orleans.

The young visitors quack their appreciation throughout—and Cinerama keeps on and on about how wonderful Cinerama is. O.K.—it's wonderful. And so we say farewell to whacking great super colossal Cinerama and return, with relief, to little old CinemaScope and the comparatively dulcet Wonder of Magnetic Stereophonic Sound.



John Wayne impersonates the irascible Mongol Genghiz Khan in *The Conqueror*

"GOOD MORNING, MISS DOVE!" we murmur respectfully—along with everybody else in the small New England town of Liberty Hill. Miss Dove has been the local schoolteacher for thirty odd years and has had a hand in the education of all the boys and girls born in that time. Miss Jennifer Jones makes her the primmest of pedagogues, rigid as to bearing, relentlessly precise in her speech, and perfectly confident that whatever she does is the right thing. All the same, by the end of the film, which recounts in innumerable flashbacks the story of her life, one cannot help feeling she's rather a dear.

At the end of *Jumping for Joy* one concludes that the cinema is probably not Mr. Frankie Howerd's medium. Certainly this slight comedy about greyhound racing gives him little opportunity to be his droll self—and unless he can be, Mr. Howerd scarcely exists as a comic. It is hardly consoling to reflect that this is a classic difficulty in British films. The occasions on which they have given a top-ranking comedian a worthy vehicle for his talents are as rare as swallows in December. Most of the laughs in this amiable little picture are raised by Mr. Stanley Holloway as a cosy con-man, Mr. A. E. Matthews as an eccentric peer, and Miss Joan Hickson as a sporting ladyship more myopic than Mr. Magoo.



GLAMOUR IN UNIFORM

Jill Adams plays a gorgeous A.T.S. secretary to Dennis Price's Brigadier in the Boulting Brothers' *Private's Progress*. This hilarious comedy on modern Army life also stars Richard Attenborough, Terry-Thomas, and Ian Carmichael as the luckless private of the title. Jill Adams, who is a twenty-three-year-old Londoner, has made fifteen films in twelve months, a notable record, among them *Doctor at Sea* and *Value For Money*.



SNOWCAPPED OLY

AT Cortina, the Winter Olympics developed after a slightly anxious start into one of the most successful of the series since the first at Chamonix in 1924. British teams, though not equalling the achievements of nations which provide

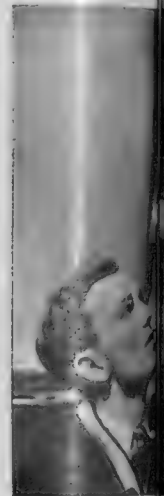


Miss Jocelyn Wardrop-Moore, one of the young members of the British ski team, was about to compete in the Giant Slalom

G. Macdonnie
Below: A street scene in Cortina during the ceremony of lighting the Olympic "Flame" for the final section of the journey



Fraulein O. Reichert (Germany) congratulates Mlle. R. Colliard (Switzerland)



Mr. Douglas Munn, the father

Mr. Brian Wright, assisted by Carol





MPICS AT CORTINA

winter sport conditions at home, shared in the general improvement, and the Games, symbolized by the striking picture of the Linked Rings above, were marked by great sportsmanship. Right, a solitary skater on the rink in front of the Castello Hotel



intosh and Sir Arnold
of British ski-ing



Mlle. Maria Kowalska getting ready
for one of the many ski-ing events

Anne Waddell, helps Mrs. Peter Waddell





Standing By

BREATH OF FRESH AIR

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

URGENT current problems affecting the future of British agriculture are being handled by some of our Fleet Street brethren (whom we love and esteem very dearly) with such dashing expertise that we can scarcely believe there was a time, and not very long ago, when Our Agricultural Correspondent was as extraordinary a vision in a London newspaper-office as a blue unicorn.

We can still see the top-brass editorial boys swarming for the first time round a ruddy, kindly, cumbrous figure in rough tweeds and thick boots with gaiters, clutching a gnarled oak stick. A thousand keen, shrewd, vital questions were swiftly flung at him. How much loam do you eat in a day? How many cows does a new wife cost? Does butter really come from buttercups? What's a cornrake used for? Do bees lay in churns? Where is hay manufactured? Roars of honest laughter from the new A.C. greeted one question. ("Noightclubs!—whoy, dang me if that bain't a rare ole towzler! Bain't no noightclubs whurr Oi do come vrom, boy! Noightclubs, ho, ho!") This question, however, was leading to a trap.

"Then what d'you do in the country all night?" (*Mumble, mumble.*)

"What?" (*Mumble, mumble.*)

"Can't hear you, Clotworthy."

"Yew be gormed! 'Tis no slummocky business o' yourn! Vair drabbled Oi be wi' arl this old gorbling! Yew let Oi be, you passel o' grommets, or Oi'll be the death o' yew!" (*Exit, in violent passion.*)

He did not, as we suspected, come from Joe's Agency in the Charing Cross Road, which specialises in rural types. He was a real one, steeped in rustic villainy. However, the breed soon improved, and now he has chambers (when in town) in Albany.

Tops

CONTEMPLATING (not without a pang) the murky chaos in France, *mère des arts des armes, et des loix*, we perceive one tiny bright spot, overlooked so far by all our native critics and knowalls, and especially the radio types.

We refer to the fact that under the present democratic system of having a new Government once a week, the meanest party-hack tossed into the least important Ministry for the fewest number of hours enjoys the pleasure of being addressed as "Monsieur le Ministre" for the rest of his life, on returning to obscurity; on his native ground at least. This privilege is only comparable in social value with—might one say?—being a third cousin once removed of the Goober Valley Van Poopendykes in one of those towns of the Middle West where ancestor-worship makes the Japanese Shinto cult look like a bag of peanuts. All is of course not cheers and red carpets for M. le Ministre (ret.). As he takes the salute at a firemen's parade some enemy may easily spit in his bowler, as happened at Fouilly-les-Oies (Var) on

July 14, 1954. The populace would have risen, as we could plainly perceive, had it not been as sick with laughing as the one-eyed fishwife of Dax when Gambetta swallowed his dentures on a top note.

We don't think this could happen here in similar circumstances; or at least it could, if anybody cared enough for politics; or at least if anybody cared for anything *at all*. (End.)

Vision

"EMPLOYING pretty slavegirls," mused an archaeologist boy in the *Times*, picturing the horde of Brito-Roman business men who once bustled round the Walbrook site and the Temple of Mithras in the City. And it is indeed very easy to see those dainty little poppets all curls and eyelashes, tripping round on high heels and going through the old freezing routine at "Enquiries," in slightly adenoidal Cockney-Latin.

"H. Bibulus Naso?"

"In conferencia." (*Sniff.*)

"T. Globulus Venter?"

"In conferencia." (*Sniff.*)

"J. Pomponius Brutus?"

"In conferencia." (*Sniff, exit.*)

In the Chairman's room meanwhile a masterful voice would be roaring "Vendito ad quadraginta quinque!" ("Sell out at 45!"), and moaning softly "Voca me 'Puerulum'" ("Call me 'Boysie'"), to which a petulant girlish voice would ring out "Proh pudor, horridissime!" ("Shame on you, you big awful!"). In fact, the immemorial mixture, and decent chaps no doubt blushed for such unBrito-Roman behaviour.



BRIGGS

by GRAHAM





GREAT OCCASION at the Opera, for the showing of Sacha Guitry's latest film, described below by Priscilla. Left: after the première, M. Guitry leaves in an invalid chair carried by liveried attendants. Above: Janine Clarville, one of the stars. Right: Mlle. Renée Saint Cyr arrives for the performance



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Priscilla in Paris

A TALE OF ONE CITY

FLOODLIGHTING. Traffic blocks. Barriers to keep the *hoi polloi* in its proper place, although, one presumes, the show outside the Grand Opera House, all gratis and "free fer nuffink," was (*circenses* if not *panem*) for its amusement. On the steps: troops to the left of us, police to the right of us, a military band in the middle. *Poilus* in horizon-blue here, men of arms in armour and coats of mail there.

Rolling up to the curb came strange vehicles ranging from dashing hansom-cabs, natty broughams, stately family barouches and sporting cabriolets to the latest petrol-propelled magnificences of to-day. Be it said that the last-named were rather looked down upon by the old-fashioned contingent, since, on this evening of evenings, we were living up to AN OCCASION!

THIS being the gala première of Sacha Guitry's latest film, *Si Paris Nous Etait Conté*. In other words, "Paris Through the Ages." It was fitting that guests should arrive in carriages of various picturesque epochs, and one felt a certain contempt for those sybarites who, careful of their comfort, had not taken the trouble to hire a conveyance from the many old livery stables that exist.

Since this beautiful city began as the tiny island on which the church of Notre Dame now stands and, in the days of Julius Cæsar, was called Lutèce and inhabited by some wild and very woolly creatures known as the Parisii, I had decided to wear an off-one-shoulder creation of hemp and a mantle of goatskins, but I could not find, amongst

my so-called friends, one single Christian (or otherwise) slave willing to push the little wooden waggon I had borrowed from one of my market-garden pals.

I MANAGED to be in the picture, all the same. I got hold of one of the old red-and-black taxis, the "G.7s." I cannot vow that it was one of the same lot that carried Joffre's *poilus* from Paris to the Marne during one of the most tragic moments of the 1914-18 affair, but it looked exactly like them. As for the hemp garment, it was unbearably scratchy and the goatskins smelled unto the skies. I decided that my good intentions had not been so good!

The gilt and marble splendour of the Opera House was filled with a brilliant audience. Quite a few ex-Ministers, Under-Secretaries, *députés* and what-nots who have lost their jobs—for a while, at all events. (do they go on the dole, I wonder?), were present. Also, of course, all the stars and starlets, of both genders, who appear in the film, not forgetting a good few of the butchers, bakers and candlestick-makers who supplied snacks and props to the undertaking. Hardly surprising that the auditorium was crowded to its topmost gallery.

JUST as it has been difficult to write about Sacha Guitry's last two films, *Si Versailles Nous Etait Conté* and *Napoleon*, so is it difficult to write about *Si Paris . . .* Nothing that this very famous personage gives us for the stage or for the screen can be entirely bad, but too many of us remember the days when everything he did was entirely good, and that, alas, is something that has not happened for a long time.

The story of Paris is *conté* to half-a-dozen students (not to mention the audiences of three big cinemas five times daily) by a tutor who is Sacha Guitry. The Master is "discovered" by the camera seated at his writing-table in the romantic indoor costume he favours: white silk shirt-sleeves, voluminous silk scarf and waistcoat of rich red velvet. The boys are the usual pleasant, tousle-headed youngsters one sees going and coming around all the big schools of Paris morning, noon and early evening. The very young "supers" who played these rôles appeared somewhat dumb. This may have been good-manners-in-class but I have a feeling that they were practically obnubilated at finding themselves on the same set as Monsieur Guitry.

Placidly, tutor Guitry droned aloud from a dull history-book. At last he became bored himself, closed the book with a bang and started to tell the story his own way. His own way is sheer incoherence but there are charming moments. One must imagine oneself in Alice's Wonderland, at the Mad Tea Party with the Curate's Egg on the menu as well as the Very Best Butter.

IT would take too long to write a digest of Sacha Guitry's digest. It is better to come quickly to the last five short minutes of two rather long hours and congratulate the youngster who questions tutor Guitry about his personal memories of Paris. Then we are shown the première of *Cyrano de Bergerac* in 1897. The magnificent statue of Clemenceau in the Champs Elysées. The floodlit dome of the Invalides against a summer night's sky. Some of Monsieur Sacha Guitry's own great treasures. His two Rodins, his Maillol, his exquisite Renoir, a Manet, and a portrait, by Fantin Latour, of "The Great Guitry," Lucien, father of Sacha.

Histoire court

● TUTOR GUITRY: "Since the death of Louis XVI there have been many Governments in Paris . . . but they never lasted very long."



"SHEPHERDS' MASS AT LES BAUX-EN-PROVENCE," a wonderful impression of the end of the ceremony. One of the illustrations in *Double Exposure* (Faber and Faber; 21s.), in which Merlyn Severn describes in prose as vivid as her pictures her life as a highly-individual and much-travelled photographer

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

CHILD OF THE RECTORY

FOR SPAM TOMORROW, by Verily Anderson (Rupert Hart-Davis; 15s.), it is not easy to find a descriptive adjective. Nor would this life-story be quite in place in the thoughtful ranks of modern autobiography—in a hurry from birth to the present day, our young author is not prone to self-searchings. She's a mother, a housewife and a clergyman's daughter: these three statements, impeccably true, could give a misleading introduction to *Spam Tomorrow*. I feel I can best conjure up Mrs. Anderson by saying she has one practically unknown gift—she can write what might seem a sustained tall story and at the same time make it convincing: at times, grimly so.

Many enthralling talkers are told by friends, "You must write a book—write it just as you talk!" In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the result, alas, is a sombre flop. Mrs. Anderson's, happily, is the hundredth case. Never have I heard her talk, but I fancy this must be how she does it. And it's at once slapdash and enchanting.

CHARM and vagueness invested the Sussex rectory in which our heroine grew up. Her father, who has bred fox-terriers since the age of six and has a sideline in judging dog shows, avoided obvious nomenclature for his children. A bridal elder sister, who lingered to groom a pony and muck out the ferrets when she should have been dressing for her wedding, was hurried on by her mother in these words: "Rhalou! If you don't come in at once, we shall go without you." The girls went to a magnificent boarding-school, enclosed in several miles of azaleas: at this, the future Mrs. Anderson was, she informs us, beaten by the headmistress with, appropriately, a piece of weeping-birch from the most beautiful tree on the lawn. She was finished in Paris, though by a Russian family.

She became a débutante, applied for a job as a companion, was almost annexed by a White Slave trafficker, and had a success designing toffee papers. She and Donald, a man of the most fascinating age, fell in love irrevocably though calmly. Upon the outbreak of World War Two (which is, at least from the point of view of one young girl, brilliantly described), she became a F.A.N.Y. She was court-martialled for driving into a gatepost, and later deserted in order to marry Donald. Young married

life, in a top-floor West End flat, took place during the blitz. Previous to the excruciating birth of her first child, she spent a month in a pre-maternity institution known as The Barrens.

ONE can no more enumerate the adventures than challenge the statements. This is a genuinely bizarre book, which will either enrage or fascinate you according to the temperament you may happen to have. One of the paying guests with whom our author experimented in a Cotswold farmhouse, remarkably good-humouredly told her hostess: "You can get away with it—you think." And I really think, do you know, that Verily Anderson not merely thinks she can get away with this book—she has done so.

Those who agree with me will become incurable addicts of *Spam Tomorrow*.

★ ★ ★

GRETCH FINLETTER, American author of *THE DINNER PARTY* (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), records her debt to, and great admiration for, our late beloved E. M. Delafeld. She thereby winningly disarms one. This novel of Mrs. Finletter's, sub-titled "From the Journal of a Lady of Today," is admitted counterpart to *The Provincial Lady*—but none, let me tell you, the worse for that!

There's a meteoric visit from sister Julie, who never-failingly makes one feel so dowdy, a complicated call on the Miss Putnams, a memorable military outing, a return of a daughter from college with a paralytically superior young man, a wrestle with a cake-stall at a bazaar, servant trouble, and an agitating week-end with rich hosts who have placed the world's loudest clock on one's bedroom landing.

Few of the contretemps in *The Dinner Party* are specifically American—reflect how, all the world over, woman's day seems to be never done!



"THE HOLY FAMILY," by El Greco, now at the Cleveland Museum of Art. It forms the frontispiece of *St. Anne: Grandmother of Our Saviour* (Allan Wingate; 21s.), the beautifully-produced result of extensive and devoted research by Frances Parkinson Keyes, the American novelist



Mr. John Brazil, joint-Master of the Hunt, with Miss Elizabeth Baerlein and Mrs. Owen Edwards

THE OLD BERKELEY BALL

THE Town Hall at Watford was transformed by some magnificent decor for the Old Berkeley Hunt Ball, when the walls were ornamented with fine hunting murals painted by a member of the Hunt. It was attended by some 400 guests and was a great success



Van Hallan

Mr. G. J. Schicht, Mr. William Simpson, Mrs. G. J. Schicht, Mrs. C. H. Frye, Mrs. Claude Brousson and Col. A. V. G. Dower, joint-Master



Mr. Boyce Chennells, Miss Joan Lambert, Mrs. Charles Hardwick and Mr. Charles Hardwick



Mrs. Patrick Barry was chatting to Mr. H. W. Batchelar, Secretary of the Old Berkeley

Miss Fenella Cowdy, Mr. K. S. J. Pickup, Miss Jill Clarke and Mr. Hew Goldingham

Mrs. and Mr. R. C. Wilcox talking to Mrs. and Mr. A. Fabricius in the oyster bar





John French

MATITA'S three-piece frosted lime single-breasted bouclé wool hip length top coat and slim skirt, has a fitted jacket over-checked with white and mushroom. Harrods have it at 41 gns. The hat is by Jaeger

PASTEL PASSPORTS FOR THE SPRING

THE loose coat on the opposite page softly tailored in shell pink, is by Dorville. Its back flares in modified fullness from a gathered shawl collar and it pairs with a short sleeved tailored linen dress. The outfit is completed with a pink velvet trimmed hat by Dolores. The coat is about £22. 10s., and the dress about £15. 15s. In stock at Peter Jones



FORECASTING A WHISPER OF MAYTIME

THE creamy white worsted suit below (left) has a faint mushroom stripe, and a shawl collar curved out from the neck. It is by Frederick Starke, and is approximately 26 gns. at Fortnum and Mason. The felt hat is by Dolores. This wool and pure silk mixture diagonal jacket by Rima (right) flares softly from the shoulder blades in gathered fullness, and matches the swathed rayon jersey-topped *café-au-lait* skirt. £49.12s.6d. from Fortnum and Mason. Hat by Dolores





John French

Stripes emphasize the line

HORROCKSES make the straight coat with its narrow line silhouette shown above (left). It is black and grey woven cotton, lined ruby red poplin, and is a perfect foil to the sleeveless black piqué sheath dress. Coat approximately 8½ gns. Dress approximately £5. 9s. 6d. At Cresta, New Bond St. Hat by Dolores. Susan Small's little fitted bolero jacket (right) ends abruptly above a well defined waist. It partners a full bias skirt and white striped bodice. Price 12½ gns. at Woollands

THE BARLEY MODE

FOR this week's choice we have a basic colour theme in a neutral barley-beige, which leaves an open field for accessories that carry an assertive tone from head to toe, giving ample opportunity to ring the changes with one bold splash of colour. The soft tweed coat with matching skirt (right) which falls perfectly straight with smooth easiness, costs 13½ gns, while the off-white cashmere pullover is 6½ gns., and the off-white wool jersey pull-on cap £1.9s.6d. The burnt caramel wool and mohair jacket seen above, for more casual wear and to team up for colour, is 10½ gns. These are all available in a wide range of colours from Jaeger shops throughout the country. To complete the outfit is the white saddle stitched pigskin belt at £3.9s.6d. The accessories seen below were assembled specially to balance our theme and consist of: pigskin handbag with attached outside wallet, £10.17s.6d.; pigskin white saddle stitched semi-heeled Court shoes, £3.19s.9d.; pigskin handled umbrella which may be dismantled for carrying in a suitcase while travelling, £2.12s., with separate bamboo handle at 13s. 6d. The shoes, bag and umbrella, Russell and Bromley, the scarf-square and belt from Jaeger



John French



CHOICE FOR THE WEEK







An everlasting floral touch

TO brighten up the cold bleak days come these exquisite spring and summer flowers. A touch of scent on the petals will make them absolutely lifelike. They all come from Marshall and Snelgrove—JEAN CLELAND

Above: You would have to touch this lifelike cyclamen plant before you could possibly tell it is not real. Price £12 12s.

Below: Two little posies ready to wear are (left) a cyclamen at 2 gns and (right) mixed garden spray, £2 12s. 6d.





Here is a beautiful spray of those incomparable Christmas roses blended in very artistically with honeysuckle. The price is £3 5s.



These orchids have that rich, exotic, straight from the hothouse look which one expects of these rare flowers. Their price is £2 17s. 6d.



Above: An exquisite little posy of mixed flowers. Price 19s. 6d. and (right) a beautiful and unusual spray of velvety pansies. Price £1 17s. 6d.



Dennis Smith



Beauty

Jean Cleland

Recipe for a brand new face

DURING the festivities which have taken place since the beginning of the New Year, I have observed with surprise—mingled with considerable envy—the ease with which the young throw off the effects of late nights. After only a few hours sleep, they nip out of bed, take a bath, and rise fresh and beauteous as Aphrodite from the foam.

Not so we older ones. A glance in the mirror after a series of late nights, is distinctly depressing. Gone is the sparkle of yestere'en. Gone alas, like our youth, too soon. We sag, we droop, we look washed out, and feel washed up. What is to be done about it?

A few early nights help to put things right, but if we want to keep on the up and up, something more is needed. What youth has that we lack is resilience, and this applies particularly to the muscles both of the body and the face. As we grow older, the circulation slows up, and the muscles tend to become slack. Fatigue accentuates this state of affairs, and makes it more visible than when we are feeling rested. It shows round the eyes and round the mouth, and along the contours. These are the points that call for special treatment.

THE first step in reviving tired looks is to whip up the circulation. "Wakey, Wakey!" That is what the muscles need if the face is to have new life.

Start by getting a few cubes of ice from the 'fridge, and putting them in a saucer. Next take a pad of cotton-wool, soak it in cold water, and lay it for a few seconds over the ice, to get it really cold. Squeeze it out, sprinkle with tonic, and then wrap it round a patter, or—if you do not have a patter—make it into a firm wad. Cleanse your face in whatever way suits you best, then, starting at the chin, pat briskly along the contours up to the ears on either side of the face. Next, pat from the chin up to the corners of the mouth. Lastly, pat all along the forehead.

After this comes a special kind of facial massage which does wonders for bracing and tightening up slack muscles. Place the fingers of each hand just underneath the cheekbones—close in to the nose—and do a brisk rotary movement, pressing well in so that you *feel* the muscles moving under

your fingertips. Move a little further out, and do the same thing again. Continue until you get right to the ears.

Do not forget the forehead. Deep massage here, relieves tension and stimulates the circulation round the eyes. Place the fingers of both hands firmly on the bridge of the nose, and do a rotary movement all along the arch of the brows working out towards the temples.

NEXT you must deal with the contours, and for this put a little cleansing cream on your fingers so that they slip easily for the particular form of massage which is to follow. Grip the chin on either side, with the thumbs on top and fingers underneath. Now rub briskly along the jawbone up to the ears, pressing the jawbone firmly with the first fingers of each hand, which are pressing up from beneath. The best way to do this, is to rub first along one side, and then the other, turning your head to the left and the right as you do so. The actual turning of the head is in itself a help, since the quick movement braces the muscles and stimulates the circulation. It is excellent, too, for the neck, and helps to keep the column round and firm.

By this time, the whole face should feel warm and glowing and ready for the second part of the treatment, concerned with one of the "uplift" preparations, which are so

wonderfully stimulating and uplifting when you are looking a bit down. Three very effective ones—all of which I have tried and proved to be good—are Helena Rubinstein's "Contour-lift," Elizabeth Arden's "Firmo-Lift," and Yardley's "Captive Beauty."

Take a piece of fresh, damp cotton-wool—made cold in the same way as before—and pour on a little of whichever one of the foregoing preparations you decide to use. Apply it with upward movements, starting at the chin and moving first along the contours and then up the face and out to the ears, over the cheekbones.

When this has been completed, do the same thing round the eyes, working very gently from the bridge of the nose *above* the eyes, round, and *in* underneath towards the nose again. Lastly do the forehead from the centre, out to the temples on both sides.

FINISH by giving the eyes an eye-bath, and if they are looking a little puffy underneath, place two pads, impregnated with Optrex lotion over the closed lids and allow these to remain for ten minutes, or more if you can spare the time. Optrex make these pads all ready prepared, and they are very useful when you are in a hurry.

When you have gone through this routine you will be so refreshed it will hardly seem possible.

You will feel as if you have just come back from a holiday, on your toes and the top of your form. What is more, you will look it, which is exactly what the treatment is especially designed to ensure.

Once having taken yourself in hand like this, you will find the results so remarkable that you will make a practice of it, and never again have any qualms about accepting an invitation because you feel you may not be looking your best.

Described on paper, the foregoing treatment may sound a little lengthy. In reality, it can all be accomplished in a remarkably short time. And a most encouraging point is that you will begin to find the benefit, both in actual looks and a deep awareness of increased confidence, from the minute you begin.

And at the end, believe me, you will be ready to go forth to further festivities, with what looks like a brand new face.



"PERFECT RED," a Charles of the Ritz lipstick, is now made in a new creamy textured formula, which gives a soft, smooth look to the mouth. Two of the new holders, of graceful and imaginative design, are shown here

Dennis Smith



Good-or bad?

Charnos give some straight answers about the new s-t-r-e-t-c-h nylons

Service-weight stretch nylons have long been famous for comfort and hard wear. So when *sheer* s-t-r-e-t-c-h nylons were introduced last summer there were plenty of people to welcome them. Since then these stockings have been on sale at good shops throughout the country. Lots of women bought them—and showed their enthusiasm by coming back for more. But a minority of women were disappointed and swore they would never buy s-t-r-e-t-c-h again. We hope you are not one of this number, but if you are—well, here are some facts that may make you change your mind.



Give-and-take

As the people who started making s-t-r-e-t-c-h nylons here, Charnos repeat that these stockings *will last longer*. Why? Because s-t-r-e-t-c-h nylons have far more *give-and-take* and so are less liable to overstrain—one of the main causes of stocking “runs”.

However, if you give s-t-r-e-t-c-h a tough time when you put them on and take them off you are inevitably in for trouble! For although they have long-wearing properties the fact remains that *no* sheer nylons can stand up to rough handling—and s-t-r-e-t-c-h are no exception to this rule. So the trick is: *handle* your s-t-r-e-t-c-h nylons carefully and you will find that they do, indeed, live a long and happy life.

How to get longer wear

Never wear stretch nylons for more than one day without washing them. When putting on, always gather the stocking very gently in your hands before easing it over your foot, avoiding as far as possible all contact with finger nails. Take a little extra trouble to fit the heel snugly—this is well worth while as you will always get perfect fit with stretch give-and-take. Draw the stocking smoothly up your leg, guiding the seam. See that it is evenly stretched all the way up from the heel. Once straight, your stretch seams stay straight all day long. Follow these rules, and you'll soon prove that these Charnos nylons—made from exclusive Toberised yarn—keep their promise of longer wear and perfect fit.

Sheer or semi-sheer?

Wear the *right* stocking at the *right* time—that's the other great secret of longer wear. No one wears sheer nylons to walk in the country, so it hardly makes sense to wear them for housework. And now it's quite unnecessary, too! For Charnos not only make Sheer-s-t-r-e-t-c-h, but also semi-sheer Crepe Clouds. They are s-t-r-e-t-c-h again, of course, but Crepe Clouds are made specially for the rough-and-tumble of everyday life.

Next time you buy nylons, get one pair of your usual brand and one pair of the Charnos s-t-r-e-t-c-h nylons of similar weight. Wear each pair on alternate days, washing them out every evening, and treating them both with the same gentleness. Barring accidents, you will find that Charnos s-t-r-e-t-c-h keep out of trouble far, far longer.

CHARNOS

the name for s-t-r-e-t-c-h nylons

Here is the complete range:

Sheer-s-t-r-e-t-c-h . . . gossamer fine

Crepe Clouds . . . daytime, semi-sheer

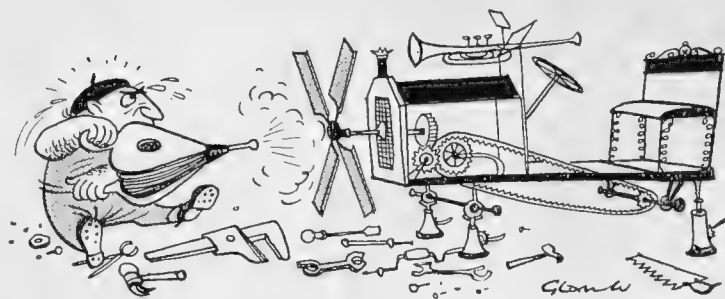
Sturdies and Mesh Sturdies . . . service weight



Can 5d sway a conference?

Funny how a man's judgment can itself be judged by quite a small thing. This delegate, for instance, buys the cigarettes he prefers and doesn't grudge the extra 5d. for 20 they cost him. When the time comes to hand them round at the conference table, he finds that others know and like them too.

It was a successful conference. We don't say it wouldn't have been successful anyway but . . . could it be that "Three Castles" had something to do with it? Did those extra five pennies perhaps buy more than very good cigarettes? Confidence perhaps . . . success . . . who knows?



Motoring

SPORTSCAPE

WHEN the Royal Automobile Club's sixth international rally starts on March 6 we may assume that the year of motor sport has begun. There have been the other events, but they do not seem to convince those who must suffer the English climate that competition days are here again. The arrangements for the R.A.C. Rally are similar to last year—when, it may be recalled, Standards did so well.

First there is the two thousand mile road section incorporating 17 tests. The two contingents, 120 strong each, set out from Blackpool and from Hastings at two minute intervals and converge at Prescott, near Cheltenham, for a timed climb of the hill. The "navigation" trials are near Barnstaple and Exeter. It should be noted that the R.A.C. Rally qualifies for the Touring Championship of Europe.

Goodwood comes into action immediately after the Rally with the Members' Sports Car Meeting on March 17 and then the big Easter Monday Meeting. One of the features of this year's competition work which I personally welcome because I have campaigned for it for years, will be a wider use of the metric system in the statements of official results. In the Continental races distances are, of course, always quoted in kilometres and speeds in kilometres an hour and it will be an advantage for all comparative studies if the metric system is used in the same way for events in this country. The pioneer work in this direction was the action last year of the British Racing Drivers' Club in giving the metric equivalents.

MORE tests, another traffic sign, bigger buses—but no better roads; no attempt to enforce upon builders and architects the provision of adequate garage and car parking space in all new buildings near the populous areas: that is the sum total of official action during the past few weeks.

That bigger bus—hailed uncritically in the daily papers—is a regrettable and retrograde step. Students of London traffic know that the need is for a more flexible fleet of buses to meet the sharply varying traffic that occurs during every twenty-four hours. The need is for much smaller, handier buses and for raising and lowering the frequency of operation to meet the changing demands.

To allow the obesity of London buses to be accentuated instead of diminished is to invite more serious traffic troubles in the future. I have already discussed the vehicle tests which are now proposed. I hate having to quarrel with these well-meant efforts to increase road safety; but the central truth cannot be overlooked. It is that there is too much complication; too many regulations, too many road signs; and that the first effective step must be a re-assessment of the position with the elimination of redundant signs, signals, lights and regulations. We might then, by starting afresh, make useful progress. But the preliminary clearing must be done. Any Minister who begins by making more regulations and introducing more signs, indicates that his grasp of the road situation is incomplete.

How to interpret the Royal Automobile Club's decision not to award the Dewar Challenge Trophy for 1955 is somewhat difficult. This Trophy was given by Sir Thomas R. Dewar in 1904 and it may be awarded annually by the R.A.C. for the most outstanding British technical performance in automobile engineering.

"In the opinion of the Technical and Engineering Committee of the Royal Automobile Club," says the official document, "no performance of sufficient merit, of which the Club is aware, had been accomplished in 1955." The last award of the Trophy was in 1951 to Jaguar Cars for their performance in four major international events.

The claims of B.R.M. and Vanwall and Connaught were presumably considered; but I imagine that these cars represent technical *promise* rather than technical *performance* and that the R.A.C. decision can be justified on these grounds. But I hope that in the present year there will be some achievement sufficiently outstanding to enable the award to be made—and rumour says that there will.

—Oliver Stewart

They know IT!

It is those Internationally Tested qualities which are a feature of all Standard cars that give their owners the extra confidence which makes motoring a pleasure—there is the joy of going places and seeing things, making new friends, discovering new haunts, smoothly, comfortably, safely



THE STANDARD SUPER TEN PRICE £430 (P.T. £216.7) TOTAL £646.7

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The lively 948 c.c. engine of the Standard Super Ten provides all the power you need, while the 38/47 miles per gallon petrol consumption makes for *real* motoring economy.

In the 1955 Golden Jubilee Small Car Trial over 1,000 miles of rough country roads in New South Wales, Australia, 1st and 2nd places were won by the Standard Super Ten. This car was also outright winner of the 1955 R.A.C. Rally—remarkable proof of the rugged durability and reliability of Standard cars.

A first class maintenance and spares service is available to all Standard owners through a world-wide chain of accredited Standard dealers. The Standard and Triumph Voucher Maintenance Scheme provides for the regular servicing of your car to a special formula prepared by Standard factory engineers, enabling you to obtain at a modest cost, smooth, trouble-free performance under all conditions.

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DINING IN

For the instructed palate

"**V**EAL Sweetbreads," says Escoffier, "may be looked upon as the greatest delicacies in butchers' meats and may be served at any dinner, however sumptuous." He goes on to say: Select them "very white, entirely free of bloodstains, and leave them to soak in fresh water, which should be frequently changed, for as long as possible or, better still, place them under a running tap."

He gives the heart sweetbreads as the more delicate, but in an encyclopaedia compiled by famous chefs of the last century the throat sweetbreads are said to be preferable. I shall take Escoffier's word for it.

For whatever dish they are prepared, sweetbreads must, first of all, be blanched. After washing them well, place them in cold water, gently bring it to the boil, then boil for 10 minutes. At once, drain and turn them into cold water. This blanching firms them, ready for the next step. Place in a muslin cloth and press for two hours between two plates with a pound or so scale weight on top.

Trim the sweetbreads and put aside any untidy bits to use in a *vol au vent* or pancakes, thus giving you a second meal which reduces the cost.

The simplest way—and, probably, one of the best—is to grill them. Halve them horizontally, pass them through melted butter and cook them under a not-too-high grill, spooning butter over them from time to time. With this dish, serve peas *à la française*, which are peas cooked very gently in a covered lettuce-lined pan, together with the heart of the lettuce, several button onions, parsley and chervil (tied together), a nice knob of butter, a good pinch of sugar, salt to taste and just enough water to moisten the bottom of the pan. Serve also Bearnaise Sauce.

FOR a rewarding and very pleasant dish for 4 to 5 servings, braise them this way: In a small enough iron casserole, gently fry two sweetbreads in butter, on both sides, to a golden tone. Add also 2 to 3 very thinly sliced onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. scraped very young tiny whole carrots and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. whole button mushrooms. Fry them for a minute or so. Sprinkle into the pan a tablespoon of flour and work it into the butter, turning the contents of the pan so that the flour is well incorporated. Cook for a few minutes.

Add a cupful of veal bone stock, a small wineglass of dry white wine, a tablespoon of sherry and freshly milled pepper and salt to taste. Cover and cook for 20 to 25 minutes in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 3).

I prefer to cook the well washed, unpeeled mushrooms for 3 minutes in butter in a covered pan and add them and any juice there may be almost at the very end, with a squeeze of lemon juice at the last minute.

A dessertspoon of tubed tomato purée, worked into the casserole before adding the stock and wines, gives its own pleasant flavour. Or, if you want a creamy sauce, lift the sweetbreads and carrots on to a heated serving dish, add a small carton or $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of double cream to the casserole, and boil it up once. Add the mushrooms to the sauce before pouring it over the sweetbreads.

TO use up the sweetbread trimmings: Make or buy 5 to 6 individual *vol au vent* cases. Gently cook the chopped "bits" in a little butter. Sprinkle them with a level tablespoon of flour and cook for a minute. Add a little less than $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock (including a little dry white wine) and simmer to thicken the sauce. Season to taste. Cook separately as many halved tiny white mushrooms as will make up the bulk of the filling. Do this with a tiny nut of butter, a tablespoon of water and a squeeze of lemon juice to keep them white, in a covered pan. Add a few grains of Cayenne pepper and add to the other mixture.

At the last minute, beat the yolk of an egg with 2 tablespoons of double cream and stir in. Heat through but do not boil. Fill the hot *vol au vent* cases with the hot mixture, replace the little round "caps", and serve.

—Helen Burke



Ivon de Wynter

GEORGE MAGGI, of the Queen's Restaurant, Sloane Square, is the brother of the restaurant manager at the Hyde Park Hotel, and was for some years at the Ritz, Claridge's and the Savoy before opening his own place. He was also in the restaurant business in France and Italy before the war

DINING OUT

A memorable trio

I SHALL remember last week as "The Week of the Three Lunches." Lunch No. 1 was Russian. When Niki Wisniewski, a citizen of Poland, was about twenty years old he found himself in the middle of World War II. Subsequently he had the misfortune to find himself in the concentration camps of Buchenwald and Auschwitz, being released from these horrors by the Russians early in 1946. He arrived in this country with no money and no word of English, and obtained work in hotels washing dishes and peeling potatoes, eventually graduating to the kitchens and learning to cook.

The day came when Niki, in full chef's regalia, was sent for by André Simon and toasted by the guests present at a dinner of the Wine and Food Society at the Queen's Hotel at Hastings, André congratulating him on the meal that he had prepared. "One day, M. Simon," said Niki, "I hope to invite you to visit my own restaurant," and so it was that we met at his restaurant *Chez Luba*, in Draycott Avenue, Chelsea, in February 1956.

This is the lunch which was consumed with great appreciation by André Simon and myself: *Zakonski* (a Russian *hors d'oeuvres*); *Blinis "Luba"*, which consisted of a crisp pancake covered with a layer of smoked salmon spread with caviar and topped up with sour cream; *supreme de volaille de Kieff* on a basketful of mushrooms and cream; the drinks—Vodka (made in Russia), Champagne Taittinger Blanc du Blanc 1949, Armagnac San Gil, vintage 1900—a fine meal but very rich.

LUNCH No. 2 was mostly French, held at the Queen's Restaurant in Sloane Square by Philip Cook of Wine Agencies Ltd., a company which has represented various growers and shippers since 1904.

The purpose of the invitation was to taste a champagne for which they have the agency in England and which was quite new to me: *V. de A. Devaux* from Epemay. Two brothers Devaux established a champagne firm in 1846 which has been directed by members of the same family ever since. We tried out the non-vintage, a special Cuvée 1949 and special Cuvée 1947. They were excellent and I thought improved in the order served, but the other guest, John Gapp, who is a wine merchant and bottles some of his own wines, gave preference to the '49.

The meal to go with the wine had been left to George Maggi who directs the Queen's. He was mess caterer to Earl Alexander of Tunis both in Africa and Italy and also to King George VI when he visited both fronts, for which he was made an M.V.O. This was the meal he chose and his chef prepared: *Scampi à la moderne*; *Grenadin de veau au Champagne*; *Fenouil à la Cavour*; *Pommes Corlina*; *Zabaglione Royale*; and *Canape à la Cadogan*, the last named being a purée of mushrooms and anchovies on toast, covered with cheese sauce and grilled like a Welsh Rarebit.

The Queen's provides first-class food at remarkably low prices, their special lunch at 9/- and dinner at 9/6 being of outstanding value.

THE third lunch was Old English, held at the offices of Ring and Brymer in the City of London, a very ancient firm of City caterers who opened in 1690 with a coffee shop in Cornhill, and who have been responsible for the Lord Mayor's banquets and many other great feasts in the City.

It was a pleasure to learn from our host, Lindsay Ring, that he had at long last regained control of the company for his family, which they had lost in 1917: a pleasant reversal of the modern trend of absorption by huge corporations.

Among the guests was that highly distinguished gentleman Paul Davie, who is Mr. Remembrancer of the City of London, and Mr. J. L. Wright, Manager of Lloyds Bank in West Smithfield, whom Lindsay Ring described as the custodian of many important overdrafts.

The lunch consisted of clear turtle soup, a magnificent stuffed carp, plank steaks brought in on the grooved-out slab of oak on which they had been cooked, a lemon posset and cheese. With this we drank Birch's Punch, Zeltinger Himmelreich Spatlese 1953, Chambolle Musigny 1949 and Tuke Holdsworth 1924.

—I. Bickerstaff



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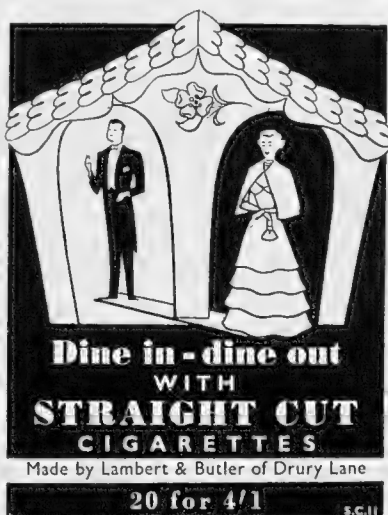
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Helena Rubinstein's *Beauty News*

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THEY WERE MARRIED



Boswell—Pomfret: Captain A. C. S. Boswell, *The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders*, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. S. Boswell, of Edinburgh, married Miss J. L. B. Pomfret, daughter of Surg.-Rear Adml. and Mrs. A. A. Pomfret, of The R.N. Hospital, Plymouth, at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Plymouth



Cornish—Woodward: Flight Lt. Alexander Hugh Peter Cornish, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Cornish, of Pendyffryn, Rhos-on-Sea, Denbighshire, married Miss Valerie Jill Woodward, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Woodward, of Charing, Kent, at St. Peter and St. Paul, Charing



Holliday—Hirsch: Mr. Lionel Brook Holliday, son of Maj. L.B. Holliday, OBE., Master of the York and Ainsty (North), and Mrs. Holliday, of Copgrove Hall, near Harrogate, Yorkshire, married Miss Pamela Anne Hirsch, youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. F.B. Hirsch, of Low Hall, Dacre, near Harrogate, at Holy Trinity Church, Dacre

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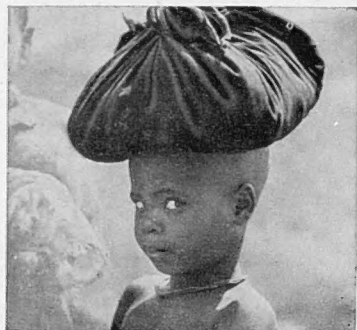
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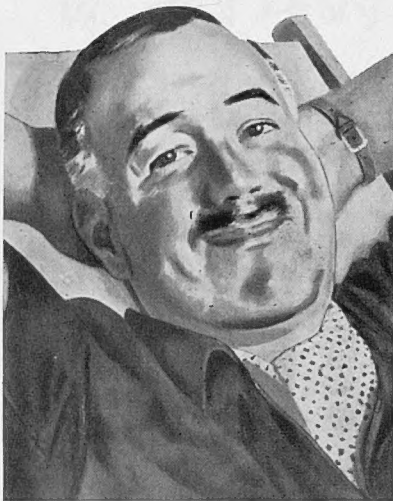


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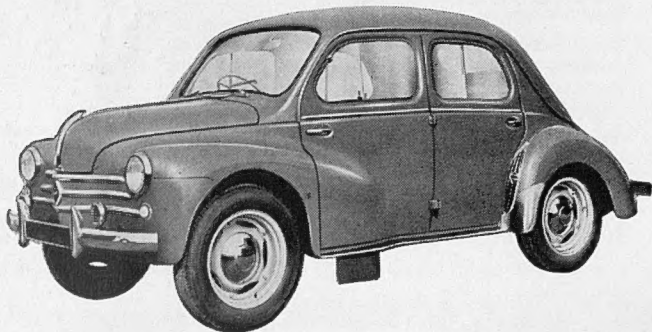
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FEBRUARY

The Twenty-Niners

MISFORTUNE IMPENDS this month for a large number of individuals who have done nothing to deserve it. We cannot know how many babies, in countries whose calendars recognise the existence of Leap Year, are going to be born on February the 29th; and we can only conjecture how their characters and outlook will be affected by this natal solecism. It will not, one supposes, be until some years later that most of them will be likely to get an inkling of their invidious position. How do parents handle this delicate problem? Birthdays are important institutions in a child's world, and to discover that it is really only entitled to one every four years may well have an unsettling effect on the more introspective type of eight-year-old.

The usual custom is to celebrate the happy event on February the 28th; but one scarcely needs to be a senior wrangler to see that some element of inequity is involved in this practice. For it makes the twenty-niners—on paper—the same age as children who were in fact born a day before them, and nursery casuists are capable of magnifying in a variety of uncharitable ways the significance of this minor adjustment. Only an expert in child-psychology could tell us whether a sense of deprivation or a sense of privilege is in the long run the more likely to affect the ego of a Leap Year baby; and all we can do is to hope that the new arrivals, by the time they come of age in 1977, will have suffered no really serious ill effects from having had only five celebrations on the right birthday.



Practical as ever, the Midland Bank offers twenty-niners (and all young people) facilities for opening bank accounts, thereby changing 'a sense of deprivation' into a pride of possession. It has even issued a booklet on the subject ('How to open an Account', free from any branch).

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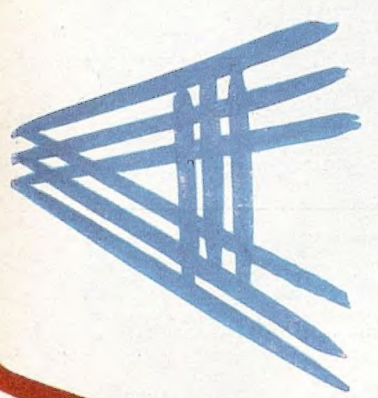
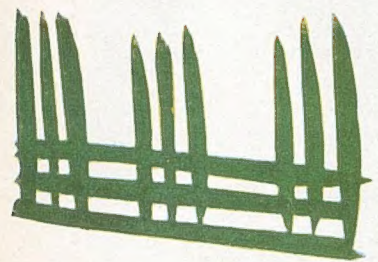
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